

SHERMAN'S CANDIDACY.

The Ohio Blood-shirt Apostle Acting as His Own Jockey.

That which you would have well done do yourself. John Sherman is through with lukewarm and blundering deputies. For the third time he proposes to enter a National convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and it is under his own commanding eye that a resolution, which he had previously scanned and approved, proclaiming hearty and cordial support of his ambition, is passed by a convention of Ohio Republicans. He is thus formally, aggressively and personally in the race. There is no shabby pretense of a diffidence which is not felt. The man boldly seeks the office. Such self-assertion is not without its embarrassments, but Sherman can find excuses for the direct if the less modest method in the menacing attitude of his enemies among the Republicans of Ohio. Under an inspiration that may be guessed, they propose to discredit Sherman in his own State, thereby crippling him before the country. He resolved to meet the assault in person, and has the satisfaction of signal if not complete success. If the campaign upon which he will now enter in Ohio shall result in the election of Foraker, Sherman will become distinctly Blaine's most formidable competitor for the nomination in 1888. If Foraker be defeated Sherman's candidacy will practically cease, for, having forced the issue of his own endorsement into a campaign which ordinarily would be free of such complication, he applies a test to his candidacy which his party will interpret against him if he fail.

It is now with Sherman as it was with Blaine in 1876. The conspicuity of his position draws upon him the concentrated fire of all proponents of other candidates. A hint of the opposition in store for him is seen in the preliminaries of the convention which in his own interest he felt it his duty to attend. The Blaine journals had commenced to belittle him. Consumed by an ambition which he could not wholly conceal, Foraker was secretly his enemy. Sherman's personal victory in the convention will be misrepresented. Ahimsadversions will be made upon his possession of a large fortune. His record in the Treasury Department, at one time the subject of Congressional investigation, will be maliciously reviewed. With less cause, but with equal bitterness, the party journals that mastered the art of vituperation in the pursuit of Blaine will now in the Blaine interest assail Sherman. The way of his ambition is beset with pitfalls constructed by the enemies his ambition raises up. In the headlong assault upon him unfriendly organs will not stop to consider that if perchance he should succeed they will be compelled by the very fact of their party servitude to stultify themselves by indorsement as cordial as attack has been bitter. Such a situation would not be novel, however. Many of them, out-Pistoling Pistol, at the Blaine look with utter unconsciousness of their moral grotesqueness.

Less adroit, audacious and shifting than Blaine, Sherman has finer moral fiber and greater mental solidity. Not an ideal candidate by any means, he is more creditable if less popular than Blaine. He fights valorously for the Southern negro who is unassailed and unindulged of Madison Wells and '76, when he himself was a visiting statesman at New Orleans, cries lustily for a free ballot and a fair count. Never having set a squadron in the field, he is devotedly attached to battle flags which he never captured and never saw. Having in his day rewarded with public place every scoundrel concerned in the Louisiana infamy, through the successful operation of which he became Secretary of the Treasury, he is an ardent advocate of Civil-Service reform. And with all the intensity possible to a temperament devoid of ardor he is against the National Administration which, upon occasion, he can denounce in good set terms lacking no element of insincerity of statement.

Mr. Sherman enters the race under auspicious circumstances. This time he will be his own jockey. And he will ride to win.—Chicago Herald.

FORAKER'S REBEL YELLS.

The Sad Mental Condition of Ohio's Youthful Chief Executive.

The garrulous Governor of Ohio has mistaken his authority, and is of the opinion that the people of the Buckeye State elected him to be a war Governor with headquarters in the saddle. He has been displaying, in recent utterances, all that cowardice of speech characteristic of the element that talks fight when it is a dead sure thing that no one who fights is around. He shouts "unhung rebels" to the Kentuckians across the river only at a time when the Ohio is swollen with high water, that all the bridges are swept away, and the Kentuckians can not cross over to frighten him out of his boots or force his insults down his throat. He is in his mind a marvelous hero of words, brag and bluster. But it is dollars to buttons if a war were in progress that he would have charge of a brigade of sutlers, all of whom would have to pay commissions to him.

Foraker is a candidate for remembrance on the "unhung rebel" record. He is a pretentious executive of gore after Palsy Fairchild's own heart. He would officiate with pomp and swagger at the shipment of General Tuttle's stolen cotton and landan if it would revive the "rebel yell." His wild talk and unguarded words would lead one to believe that he would be a willing accomplice with General Tuttle and his blackmailing

arrests and releases for which one Hart was paid \$74,000 to free citizens as Tuttle's price to avoid imprisonment under military rule. Foraker is a screamer of the first water, and if he is as bloodthirsty as his speech would indicate, to be consistent, he will be compelled to order out the Ohio militia to burn and sack every city and town in the South.

The country is to be congratulated, however, that his shriek upon the words: "Ruin," "Rebel claims," "Solid South," "Rebel pensions" and "Unhung rebels," has a terror to no one, and alarms only his family physician. For a young man from a provincial college like Cornell to go into such sectional hysterics in July is one of the saddest sights of a terrific period of heat. Have they no ice in Ohio? If not they should procure an ice machine in Columbus at once and run ammonia and brine pipes around the head of his young Governor to subdue his inflamed brain from the terrible effects of his delicious thirst for blood.

His mind must be lamentably impaired or he could never have attempted such a fight against facts or denial of history as he puts forth in his July article in the *Forum* when he says: "Interference by Republicans with Democrats in an honest exercise of the right of suffrage has never been heard of, and every body knows that the Republican party would not accept the fruits of such crime, or, in any manner, shield the perpetrators of them, if they should be committed in its interest." Shade of Zack Chandler, what lying! Rutherford B. Hayes must have sent him a strain of those "chickens that come home to roost," or can it be that D. H. Chamberlain has been imposing upon him by getting him to revive the 1876 fraud by charging it upon the Democratic party in these words in Foraker's article: "The right of suffrage should be maintained inviolate. Nevertheless, the fact is that the Democratic party is in power to-day only because, by the most shameful offenses, it has overthrown this right in many places and States of the South, and emboldened by its successes there, it has sought to succeed elsewhere by like means." It is too bad to see a young and unsophisticated Governor like Foraker made sport of. He should be sent back to his parents to be kept away from the wiles of the world.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

A SAD MEETING.

Fairchild's Three Falsies Encounter Sherman's Bloody Shirt.

An aged and very inferior scarecrow was dragging itself along a lonely road, hoping to meet some benevolent stranger from whom it could beg some trifling assistance. Soon its eyes were gladdened by seeing three people in the distance. "Surely, one of them will help me!" it said to itself. The strangers had approached within speaking distance, and the scarecrow was just about to address them, when in chorus they remarked:

"Kind friend, give three poor wretches a few cents to keep them from dying from exhaustion."

The scarecrow then saw that the strangers were even more ragged and weak and miserable than itself.

"I am sorry," it said; "that I can not help you; but I was just about to apply to you for assistance."

"Is that possible," observed one who appeared to be the least exhausted; "Pray, who are you?"

"I," responded the scarecrow, "am The Bloody Shirt!"

"Great Sherman!" exclaimed the spokesman of the three; "I thought you were doing well!"

"Alas!" replied the B. S., "I am old and worn-out, and generally considered a nuisance. If it weren't for an occasional hoist I get from some old fossil who knew me when I was young, I should have passed away long ago. But who, may I ask, are you?"

"We are Fairchild's Three Falsies!" said the B. S. "I quite envied you when I first heard of you, for I thought you had a long, popular and prosperous career before you."

"So did we," cried The Three Falsies; "but we got fearfully left. You see, we were prematurely born, and we are so weak that we can not strike any thing. If ever we should attempt to strike, the object of our attack would knock us out, without trouble."

"I am very sorry for you," said the B. S.; "your case is, indeed, worse than mine. I have had a past, such as it was; but you haven't a past or a present, and will never have a future. You'd better go and die, and try to get forgotten."—Julian Magnus, in *Puck*.

PRESS OPINIONS.

—The Democrats of Ohio have acted with courage and wisdom. The platform is Democratic to the core, and free from injurious compromises and misleading ambiguities.—N. Y. Star.

—Mr. Blaine will return reinvigorated and ready for war. His nomination seems to be one of the certainties of politics. And though we shall have to retire him again to honorable private life, it will console him to reflect that, as a private individual, he is generally regarded as an honor to his country.—N. Y. Graphic.

—It is one of the anomalies of politics that the party which claims to have saved the Union twenty-five years ago now seeks to cement that Union by yelling such epithets as "unhung rebels" at one-third of the people in the Union, and seizing upon every such pretext as the rebel-flags incident to array the sections against each other.—N. Y. Post.

SCHOOLS OF THE WORLD.

Provisions Made by the Countries of Europe for Educational Purposes.

A glance at the educational statistics of the world will convince one that if systems are not entirely faultless intentions are admirable in the matter of teaching young ideas how to shoot. The humblest countries make rich provisions for school purposes, and in many places where we would not naturally expect a high order of educational enterprise government expenditures in that direction are surprisingly large. The figures from a few countries—latest official reports—to be taken in comparison with the work done in the United States, will make the facts clear, and furnish data not easily accessible to every one.

In Austria-Hungary there are 36,259 schools of all classes, and 4,784,523 pupils and students. In Austria the educational expenditures are 11,598,638 florins annually, and in Hungary about 6,579,717 florins, including the appropriation for public worship. In Belgium the school allotment for 1887 was: Superior education, \$65,176; middle-class schools, \$152,909; primary education, \$412,022. In Denmark, where elementary education under the compulsory system is widely diffused, and in the parochial schools, there are 231,935 pupils, in addition to the 1,261 students at the University of Copenhagen. The annual expenditure for education and public worship is 1,941,820 kroner. In France 131,734,827 francs are expended on public instruction, and 12,936,655 on the fine arts, a branch of education too commonly neglected. There is an elementary school for every 472 inhabitants, and a primary attendance of 3,888,086. Of the entire appropriation this year 81,460,000 francs were set down for primary education.

In Germany, where education is general and compulsory, there are, in addition to the regular schools, twenty-one universities, and in the elementary schools there are 157 pupils to every 1,000 inhabitants, the largest proportion of any country except Switzerland, which has the same. The expenditure for public worship and instruction is 55,852,894 marks. In Great Britain there are nine universities and sixty-nine colleges, with a teaching staff of 1,059 and 23,852 students. There are other schools to the number of 29,681, with an average attendance of 4,329,434. The grants for primary schools in 1885 were \$4,589,199. The expenditures last year for education, science and art were \$5,442,352. In Greece there are 2,699 schools of all sorts and 143,378 pupils, with an annual expenditure for worship and instruction of 2,892,716 drachmas.

Italy has 42,390 primary public day schools, in which are about 1,873,723 pupils. There are also 7,129 primary private schools, with 163,102 pupils, and 2,035 public and private infant schools. The expenditure for public instruction is 34,736,882 lire. Portugal has 8,567 public primary schools, with 177,685 pupils; 1,749 private primary schools, with 68,281 pupils; 171 night schools, with 5,722 pupils, besides 21 lycums, numerous private middle-class schools, and six polytechnic, industrial and medical colleges, and the university at Coimbra. The school expenditure is 921,877 milreis.

In Russia, besides numerous industrial, agricultural, mining, and other special schools, there are 35,470 primary schools, with 1,924,181 pupils. There are 39,507,846 roubles set down for public instruction. In Spain last year the total sum set apart for education was only £308,772, and it is no wonder that the last census gives 60 per cent. of the adult population as being unable to read or write. Sweden has two universities and 9,925 elementary schools and 697,792 pupils, about 94 per cent. of all the children between the ages of eight and fifteen. The expenditure on education is 11,020,641 kroner for the year. Norway has 6,617 elementary schools and 279,668 pupils, the amount expended being \$239,388. Switzerland has 4,799 elementary schools with 454,211 pupils, 418 secondary schools with 20,131 pupils, 102 middle-class schools with 11,585 pupils, besides four universities with 1,513 pupils. There are also five academies and high schools and a polytechnic institute. Mexico has 8,986 public elementary schools with 500,000 pupils, and 138 schools for superior education with 17,200 pupils. The last appropriation for education and justice was \$1,431,081. It is presumed every one knows something of the educational facilities of the United States, with their innumerable private, public and high schools, colleges, seminaries, universities and industrial schools. In 1884-'85 the total amount expended for common school purposes (with 11,169,923 pupils enrolled in the public schools) was \$110,384,655, which will give a fair idea of what the country is doing for education.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—While it is desirable that wheat should have a fair growth in the fall, as a better protection against winter-killing, it is not considered nearly so important as it used to be. A moderate growth, with roots in compact shape, will be better than long and widely distributed roots that are broken off by freezing and thawing. The presence of the Hessian fly renders early sowing objectionable, as the insect's attacks are always worse on very early sowed wheat.—St. Louis Republican.

—Any writing or picture made with a solution of cobalt chloride is invisible until heated strongly for a few seconds, when the written characters or picture appear of a blue color. By simply breathing upon the paper they again disappear from view, to reappear if again heated.

THE PITCHER'S ARM.

A New Physiological Development for Base Ball Performers.

A new physiological development has come from the introduction of modern curve pitching, and is known as the "pitcher's arm." Just as scrivener's paralysis is produced by using certain muscles in excess, the pitcher's arm is the result of the peculiar motion which the modern pitcher uses to give the ball that long-doubtful twist which alone seems able to strike out the opposing batsman and earn the pitcher's salary.

Dr. Leuf, of Philadelphia, discusses this subject in a manner deserving the attention of all present base ball lights and of the more youthful aspirants for the future. Dr. Leuf estimates that a pitcher averages about one hundred and eighty pitches in a game, in each of which the ball is delivered with almost all possible speed. With the manner of producing the curve the readers of the *Sun* are already familiar, but the special muscles engaged and affected by the process of curving are so lucidly discussed upon by Dr. Leuf that we will follow his words in their most important bearing. He defines the seats of trouble when the incurve, the out-curve, the down-curve, and the up-curve have been resorted to in excess, as follows:

The in-curve calls into action most particularly the pectoralis major, the biceps, brachialis anticus, and flexors of the forearm. The out-curve affects the pectoralis major, coraco-brachialis, intraspinalis, teres minor, and ulnar muscles. The down-curve strains most especially the pectoralis major, trapezius, deltoid, and serratus magnus. The up-curve is mostly caused by the pectoralis major, biceps, and supinator brevis.

If Larry Corcoran had but known that his trouble lay in the coraco-brachialis, or in his intraspinalis, wouldn't he have dropped his out-curve like a hot potato until the crumbling foundation of his fame and fortune had got well?

The up-curve also strains the latissimus dorsi. All curves strain the elbow joint and tend to separate the radius and the capitulum of the humerus. The constant necessity for quick twists of the elbow have a particular unfortunate effect upon the brachialis anticus. Alas for the brachialis!

Dr. Leuf maintains that the bones of a pitcher's arm may be seriously affected. The constant strain upon the bone by the pulling tendons produces inflammation and calcareous deposits, and the periosteum being pulled about hypertrophy of the subjacent bone follows.

These are only the principal points of Dr. Leuf's thesis. In regard to treatment, regular exercise is recommended. Do not pitch too swiftly when you have an "off day;" when you do not feel able to do yourself justice, don't try to pitch hard. Let your average be less considered than your arm, but to be in good form a pitcher must practice about an hour morning and afternoon, Sundays included. All exercise must be taken in the sun. If the thermometer is below sixty vigorous pitching is risky, and the danger increases as the temperature falls. Never use liniments. They are no good. Rubbing is bad, too. Hot water is good, as is also mild galvanism.

Alas, how many famous arms are now comparatively quiet, and their owners no longer figures for popular admiration on account of a "pitcher's arm." How many brilliant reputations have been ruined through the ignorance of or contempt for facts and principles which Dr. Leuf lays down with such experienced authority. Let us trust that his precepts will be heeded. In that case the ball field now so strewn with the wrecks of twirlers may be trod by an unbroken list of capable and unsluggable pitchers, each with sound arms and a salary of \$10,000 a year.—N. Y. Sun.

A Ball Club Manager's Lot.

The life of a base ball manager is a strange one. If his team is winning right along he is left alone, and whatever credit there may be goes to the team. If his team commences to lose he is blamed and the team excused for the poor work. Last season, notwithstanding the most determined efforts, I was unable to get a winning team together, and was criticised severely by press and public. This year, through a combination of good luck, I gathered a good team, and now the credit goes to the team and not to me. It is true my mind is easy, as the press can not criticize me, but the credit of gathering a winning team is never given, although the team, as such, engrosses the attention of press and public. Surely a base ball manager's task is a thankless one.—Manager Barnes, in *Baltimore Sun*.

Hints for Pall-Bearers.

When a man is asked to act as a pall-bearer at a funeral he ought to seek out the other pall-bearers before they assume their erape and their mournful air, and practice the lock-step with them for an hour or so, or at least until he can be confident that they are going to keep step when they lift up the coffin and start off with it. I was a pall-bearer recently, and my arms and knees pain me now with the recollection. When a party of pall-bearers take up a coffin and step out of time, the weight comes principally upon the two end bearers, and it is no easy thing for two men to sustain by the sharp handles of a coffin the weight of the casket itself and the corpse within.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IN FASHION'S DOMAINS.

Charming Novelties for Late Summer and Early Autumn Wear.

Considerable opposition has been made by fashion leaders to the reviving mode of matching the various parts of the toilet, but the current has fairly set in in the direction of this elegant but rather expensive fashion. Matched toilets in all shades of golden brown, new terracotta, russet, olive, and many shades of gray are already being prepared for the autumn by Parisian designers. Like most other fashions, matching a suit entire from head to foot will be the privilege and luxury of the few at the outset, but little by little will encrease, and finally be followed by the majority.

The rare and exquisite lace gowns which appear this summer are beautiful enough to tempt the eye and heart of the strictest Mother Superior, and they are fit for the wear of a Queen. There is no danger that these superb toilets will lose their charm or popularity for seasons to come, for no sooner does the taste for certain designs and styles become the least tiresome than scores of other novel and still more beautiful devices appear, which again render them impossible to pass by without a purchase. Lace fabrics are still in the zenith of their glory, and constitute the gowns par excellence, being still first choice of all the rare dress goods now in vogue.

Very high bows of picot ribbon remain the general fashion for trimming hats and bonnets, and the object of the milliner is to arrange these in various odd ways, such as plaited half-wheels made of tri-colored ribbons, the looped edges showing from the front instead of the entire width of the bows. Forked ends and cockade bows closely tied and densely clustered form another style, and such tri-colors are chosen as salmon, goblin blue, and Roman red, rosewood, peachblow, and Persian mauve, olive, periwinkle pink, and ciel blue, and like odd combinations.

Silk warp French cashmere in exquisitely fine quantities will compose one of the very fashionable dress fabrics the coming season. Samples of new Parisian dyes and textures just forwarded to importers show exquisite shades of beige, golden bronze, heliotrope striped with white or silver, dark moss green crossed with lines of Roman red, dark blue figured with silver, and many beautiful dyes in monochrome. For evening wear is a list of pale, delicate tints too numerous to refer to here, and also of new artistic hues never before seen and impossible to describe.—N. Y. Post.

CARE OF BABIES.

How Much Food Should Be Given to Children Under One Year of Age.

This question is asked as often as any perhaps, and it were as easy to give an answer to this as it would be to tell how much, in ounces, grown people must eat. The truth is, that what is a small amount for one will be too much for some other, and the only way to get the proper amount for each will be to begin carefully and watch results; it will soon be learned how much agrees, and no more than that should be given.

Regularity in the hours of feeding must be observed; and if the baby cries, apparently for food, between these times, give it a spoonful or two of water. All drinking water must be either from a source known to be pure or else it must be boiled and cooled before drinking. Cover it with muslin while cooling. To restore the fresh taste to water that has been boiled and cooled, and, consequently, is rather flat, pour a small quantity rapidly back and forth from one vessel to another, just before it is given to the child to drink.

As nearly as any rules will answer for the amount of food to be given, the following will do: To a new born child, not nursed by the mother, give from one to three tablespoonfuls, of whatever food may be selected, for a meal. If the child does not seem satisfied, and retains the food on the stomach, the amount should be carefully increased. Vomiting would usually indicate overfeeding. As the child grows the quantity of food taken must be judiciously increased; and nothing but careful watching on the part of mother or nurse can regulate this.

Ordinarily, a weaned child, a year old, requires for its breakfast about half a pint of milk and a tea-saucer half full of mush. Some children will need more than this, in which case may be given a small piece of bread and butter, and half of a well-baked apple. For the noon-day meal, a small potato, or its equivalent in mush or bread and milk, and fruit. The same amount, or less, for supper. All fruits in their season are allowed children after they are a year old, if they agree. No sweetmeats of any kind should be given. This same kind of fare should be continued with little change until the child is ten or twelve years of age, about which time the bony structure hardens. The less meat children under ten eat the better.—*Democrat's Monthly*.

—Cream Pie.—Line plate with paste, put on two rims and bake. Fill with cream. Moisten one heaping tablespoonful cornstarch with a little cold milk, pour into one pint boiling milk. Cook twenty minutes, add half cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Flavor with one teaspoonful vanilla. Fill the paste, and brown in the oven.—*Yankee Blade*.

—It is well to look upon every dog as mad and treat him accordingly. The cost of keeping the dogs of America would soon wipe out the National debt.—*Philadelphia Call*.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A nephew of Lord Beaconsfield has written a novel.

—It is stated that one American offered \$2,500 for a ticket of admission to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the jubilee service.

—Lord Palmerston's good humor as a distinct element of his character, is well known. We find it even during his last illness, when his physician was forced to mention death. "Die, my dear doctor!" he exclaimed; "that's the last thing I shall do."—*Our Young People*.

—Eight letters recently read in a London breach of promise suit told in a very complete way the course of true love. The first letter began, "Dear Mr. Smith," then followed "My Dear John," then "My Darling John," "My Own Darling Jack," "My Darling John," "Dear Sir," "Sir," and all was over.

—Mr. George W. Childs has added another to his great collection of souvenirs. It is the silk hat that the late General Grant wore during his tour around the world. The late General's initials in gold-plated letters are placed on the lining inside the crown. The hat was sent to Mr. Childs by a gentleman in New York.

—The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, of Buffalo, N. Y., are trying to have two women appointed to fill vacancies on the Board of Trustees of the Buffalo State Insane Asylum. In Massachusetts, Maine and Iowa, women have served as trustees in insane asylums with good results.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—A New Yorker, Harold Fries, recently of Columbia College, has greatly distinguished himself. Berlin is a notoriously difficult university at which to pass an examination, but Fries took the degree of doctor of philosophy before a board of thirty-five professors. In granting the degree the rector called attention to the fact that the university never before granted this degree in chemistry to so young an aspirant.

—Major Woodson, of Kansas City, received a letter the other day from T. J. Pullman of South Riverside, Cal., asking him to return a certain sum of money which the spirit of the bandit told him was in the major's possession, taken from the late Jesse James. "In this letter Pullman describes the apparition as a green-eyed monster, terrible but truthful. The major says that he received two letters from this same individual for sums of money taken by the late Jesse James.

—A Boston man who has crossed the Atlantic fifty-two times, and been seasick each time except the last, explains the exception as follows: "I took a rubber bag with me, some twelve inches long and four inches wide, with an iron clamp to close the mouth of the bag, and filled it with small pieces of ice every morning (the steward brought me the ice in a bowl), and applied it on the spine, at the base of the brain, down between my shoulders, for say half to three-quarters of an hour; or rather lay on it, pressing it against the spine. It had a most soothing effect, so that frequently I fell asleep while under it, and afterward felt braced up for the day, enjoying every hour and every meal."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—There are several ways of making a bustle—of newspaper, of wire, or of other material. But the largest sized and most complete bustle is made by the small boy who lets a live rat loose in a sewing box.

—"Ma," said Bertie, "should I say 'pants' or 'trousers'?" "Trousers, my dear," said the mother. "Well, then," said Bertie, "I think Bridget had better give Fido some water; he trousers awfully."—*Tid-Bits*.

—"Sacred to my memory," said Fogg, reading the legend on the tombstone of his dead friend Hawkins, "why, Hawkins never had any memory. He never could remember anything for five minutes in all his life."—*Boston Transcript*.

—The son of the house, age two years eight months, who had been forbidden to wink violently, was swinging his feet very rapidly the other day. He was asked what the matter was and replied: "Nosing; I's only zshust winking wif my legs."—*Golden Days*.

—Bliss—"What makes you look so cheerful to-day, Dumpsey?" Dumpsey—"My daughter left the window open during the thunderstorm yesterday, and our piano was struck by lightning. You can't imagine what a relief it is."—*Burlington Free Press*.

—In a Restaurant.—A frightfully bald customer has just begun his dinner, when he suddenly calls the waiter and points to a hair in the soup. "Where did that come from?" "It must be monsieur's." The customer, evidently very good flattered, replies: "No doubt, my good fellow, no doubt."—*Judge*.

—A Spanish magistrate, shocked and exasperated by repeated food adulteration, has issued a proclamation aflame with righteous wrath, that "all wines, groceries and provisions which, upon analysis, are proved to be injurious to health, will be confiscated forthwith and distributed to the different charitable institutions."

—"There goes S—, the millionaire," said a pallid clerk to his companion. "Dunce takes him," was the angry reply. "I wish I had his wealth." "I'd rather have his health," was the sage rejoinder. "He walks a matter of six miles a day, rain or shine, while you and I ride. I'm beginning to think that I can save more than five cents by walking. I paid three dollars last month to the doctor."—*Philadelphia Call*.